the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1983 VOL. 58, No. 2

LECTURES

9 Robert Pack: *"THE TEARS OF ART"*

10:10 Tim O'Brien *"Everything I Know and then some..."*

11:20 Linda Pastan: *"Dream Work"*

2 Jerome Charyn: *"THE NOVELIST'S WORK"*

READINGS

afternoon

4:20 Pamela Hadas
reading from BESIDE HERSELF

Ron Hansen
reading from THE ASSASINATION OF JESSE JAMES BY THE COWARD ROBERT FORD

evening

8:15 Hilma Wolitzer

When he was with her, he was plagued by a demented yearning to be with her again. And it wasn't just the sex, although that was sublime. It was also her rapturous attention, which gave him a second chance to be new, to be capable once more of fortunate surprises.
Daphne didn't ask him for several days. She wasn't stupid, he knew, just not eager to hear bad news. But eventually she said, "You're married, Kenny, aren't you?" They were sitting in the purring Toyota, parked near her West Hollywood apartment building. His silence was more telling than a rush of confession, but her dark eyes were steady and demanding. "Sort of," he said hoarsely, and groaned, reaching for her. When they embraced, it was like the signing of an agreement in which the fine print has been read and then ignored.

from IN THE PALOMAR ARMS by Hilma Wolitzer

EDITOR TO EDIT

George Murphy, known to the real world only as George Murphy, editorial director of Tendril Magazine and Wampeter Press books, will be the editor of this year's Crumb. When asked, at his seaside estate, of his plans for the hirsute journal, Murphy, a generally clever and suave individual, said that "beyond my own desire to remain

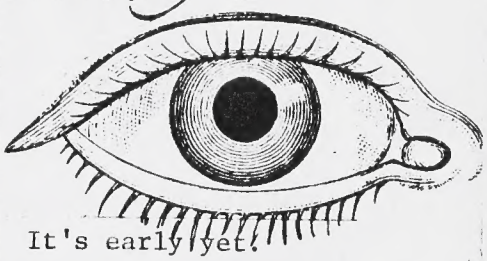
low-key and to try to avoid undue publicity or notoriety, I will strive to, above all, keep The Crumb from falling into the hands of any egotistical writers or other literary types who might be prone toward seeking to use the journal for self-aggrandizement."
Such humble beginnings, we can assume, can only lead to erroneous assumptions. Best of luck, Mr. Murphy, you sly dog, you.

-GM

About Jim Fiebig

For readers who have been wondering about the Jim Fiebig column, he has stopped writing it. — Ed. *The Indianapolis Star 7/25/78*

errata:



It's early yet.

You know who you are.

You know what you did.

So do we.

Polish singer wins Nobel Prize

STOCKHOLM, Sweden (UPI) — Isaac Bashevis Singer, Polish-born writer who emigrated to the United States in 1935, has won the 1978 Nobel Prize for literature, the Swedish Academy announced today.

Sandpoint (Idaho) Daily Bee 10/5/78

The "Don't ask me that again or I'll punch out your lights" Dept.

Carol Knauss has announced that there will be an address list published of members of the conference community.

Kid's pajamas to be removed by Woolworth

Greenwich Time 5/18/77

LIKE TO SING?

There will be an organizational meeting and rehearsal for the Bread Loaf Madrigal Singers (No relationship to Isaac Bashevis Singer) on Thursday, August 18th, at 7:15 around the piano in the Barn. This is the first year for the group; in it, we hope to put together a few English (and other) Madrigals, which, for the uninitiated, are popular songs of the Renaissance and thereabouts. Come join in if you enjoy singing and can carry a tune. Copies of music will be provided. If you are interested, please contact Betsy Hickok in the Secretary's Office, or in Ross 67. Rehearsals will be brief, few, and fun; performances, top notch.

Personals

ROOMMATE WANTED:
Prefer male, Italian, with poetic inclinations. Must have sound knowledge of W.C. Williams, and not be averse to discussing biography as an art form. Must also dance and possess wide knowledge of socially unacceptable jokes.

Apply: R. Houston, Birch 12
by WEDS PM

Swallows bee with his beer, dies

BRIDGMAN, Mich. — A 60-year-old man drinking a can of beer at a Lake Michigan beach accidentally swallowed a bee and died after it stung him on the inside of the throat, authorities said yesterday.

An autopsy showed Donald Streicher, of Fort Wayne, Ind., died of suffocation after the throat passages swelled up and cut off his oxygen, a sheriff's office spokesman said.

Streicher swallowed the bee Thursday as he and a woman were camping at Warren Dunes State Park, the spokesman said. The bee apparently had flown under the lid of the can.

Streicher was rushed to a hospital, but was pronounced dead at the emergency room.

"Once the swelling started, it just closed up his throat completely," a spokesman said.

"The only thing that would have saved his life is if someone nearby and handy had medical knowledge and could have taken a pocket knife or a pencil or something and made a tracheotomy."

—AP

Statistics on women
Some good and some bad

Women in Communications 2/76

DEAR ABBY: I've been dating this real neat guy who keeps telling me that I don't have to worry about his getting me pregnant because he was injured while playing football. Should I believe him?

NANCY

Old Miners Enjoy Benefits Of Black Lung

The Roanoke (Va.) Times and World News 12/17/72

W/W

WAITROID'S WORLD

FOOD FOR THOUGHT
FROM THE KITCHEN STAFF

"A poet can survive eberything but a misprint." -Oscar Wilde

Planes must clear mountains first
Crash prompts change in rules

Rocky Mountain News, Denver 2/6/75

Stud tires out

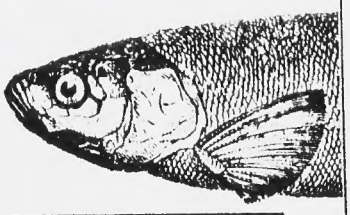
The Ridgewood (N.J.) News 3/30/78

Columnist gets urologist in trouble with his peers

Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune 3/17/75

Mrs. Gandhi stoned at rally in India

PLEASE NOTE



EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY: THE CRUMB WILL PAY $CASH$ FOR PROVOCATIVE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, IMPORTANT FAST-BREAKING NEWS SCOOPS, INAPPROPRIATELY OVERHEARD CONVERSATIONS (PROFOUND OR EMBARRESING), AND/OR ANY INFORMATION WHICH MAY IN ANY FORM SERVE TO ENHANCE ONE'S UNDERSTANDING OF THIS BEAUTIFUL WORLD WE LIVE IN.

MONETARY AWARDS WILL BE AT THE DISCRETION OF THE EDITOR. PEOPLE IN CERTAIN STATES WILL BE VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. ALL PREVIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS ARE SUPERCEDED BY THIS ONE.

Leave all "news" in the Crumb box by the office in the Inn.

Woman shot in bizarre fashion

Middletown (O.) Journal 8/13/74

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18TH VOL. 58 NO. 3

LECTURES

9 Ron Powers: *"GUT GUT' GUTENBERG, GOODBYE" The media threat to the printed word*

10:10 Nancy Willard: *"THE RUTABAGA LAMP" The reading and writing of Fairy Tales*

11:20 Jean Naggar - *Agent*

2 DISCUSSION GROUPS

READINGS afternoon

4:20 Richard Jackson
Reading from his book of poems PART OF THE STORY

Eric Goodman
Reading "Nellie & the Rossbaums"

Jim Shepard
Reading from his novel FLIGHTS

evening

8:15 Howard Nemerov
Reading from a new book INSIDE THE ONION

ALCOHAUL

The ever-diligent, ever-dutiful staff known to most as the Potiontates, will brave the twists of RT 125 and embark on a BOOZE-RUN this afternoon. Anyone wishing to place an order should report to the Blue Room in the INN at 1:30. Pickup will be after dinner tonight.

Social Events

RECEPTION
On the West Lawn
by the Inn 5:30

PUNCH - GLAMOUR

Walking the Dog

Two universes mosey down the street
Connected by love and a leash and nothing else.
Mostly I look at lamplight through the leaves
While he mooches along with tail up and snout down,
Getting a secret knowledge through the nose
Almost entirely hidden from my sight.

We stand while he's enraptured by a bush
Till I can't stand our standing any more
And haul him off; for our relationship
Is patience balancing to this side tug
And that side drag; a pair of symbionts
Contented not to think each other's thoughts.

+ +

What else we have in common's what he taught,
Our interest in shit. We know its every state
From steaming fresh through stink to nature's way
Of sluicing it downstreet dissolved in rain
Or drying it to dust that blows away.
We move along the street inspecting it.

His sense of it is keener far than mine,
And only when he finds the place precise
He signifies by sniffing urgently
And circles thrice about, and squats, and shits,
Whereon we both with dignity walk home
And just to show who's master I write the poem.

-Howard Nemerov from SENTENCES

errata:

An error appears on your green schedule sheets. Friday, Aug 26: the 10:40 workshops will be with Robert Pack and Robert Stone. Stone's name was omitted.
thank you.
have a nice day.

Reagan Won't Run for Reelection in 1984

He'll stay the course indefinitely

YOU COULD HAVE HEARD the proverbial pin drop in the White House briefing room as President Reagan told a startled press conference that he positively will not run for reelection in 1984. But he quickly added, "I don't have to run, because, when I won the election in 1980, I really won several consecutive terms in a row."

Reagan said that he based his reasoning on a new, more mathematically sophisticated analysis of the previous election results. Explained the president, "You see, in the last election, I won 489 electoral votes, and Carter won only 49. Now, it's apparent that all I needed was 50 votes to beat him. Then what about the additional 439 electoral votes that I won but didn't need? They made no practical difference in the election, yet surely they must count for something—after all, they come from citizens who are entitled to have their say. Numerically speaking, my additional 439 electoral votes represent eight additional victories over Carter's 49 votes, and not to make use of all my votes would be to unconstitutionally disenfranchise millions of qualified voters. Therefore, I'm entitled to serve eight more terms, or a total of nine in all." Reagan paused and added, "However, I understand that an amendment prohibits a president from serving more than twice, so for now I'll just serve out the first two of my terms and later, in 1988, I'll let my lawyers worry about the remaining seven."

Stay-the-course nonvictory celebration over the president's discovery that he doesn't need to run.

Reagan expressed his firm belief that not having another presidential election in 1984 would be good for the country. "For one thing," he said, "it'll benefit our troubled economy. Both parties, Republican and Democratic, will be able to hold on to millions of dollars in campaign funds instead of putting them in circulation to fan inflation. It'll be good for our national spirit, because it'll mean that the 1984

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

Weather

Sunny with a few cloudy periods today and Thursday, which will be followed by Friday. Details on Page 5.

The Province (Vancouver, B.C.) 6/21/78

Man in dress attacks Calif. poll worker

Associated Press

SAN FRANCISCO – A man wearing a dress attacked a poll worker with a bullwhip yesterday after scuffling with several people in a voting line, police said.

Patrick Camaroli, 48, was arrested and booked on charges of aggravated assault and election and municipal code violations after attacking Arthur Head, 60, said Officer David Sowell.

Camaroli, wearing a straw hat, blue jacket and white dress, entered a laundromat polling place at about 7:40 a.m. and "pushed several people aside to get to the front of the line," Sowell said.

After Camaroli was asked to leave, Sowell said, he slugged Head and continued to fight as the two moved out the door and onto the sidewalk, where Camaroli drew a bullwhip with red tassels and lashed Head across the face.

ORDER FORMS FOR LECTURES

People interested in getting order forms for lectures may do so in the secretary's office. See notice on office door.

NEW BREAD LOAF T-SHIRT

SO YOU DON'T FORGET, CALL BEFORE MIDNIGHT TONIGHT AND BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO SPORT THIS HANDSOME AND INSPIRED PIECE OF WARDROBIA. AVAILABLE IN YELLOW ONLY. MENS: SM-MED-LG. WOMENS: PETITE SM-MED-LG. LEAVE $7.00 CASH IN A PLAIN ENVELOPE UNDER THE DOOR OF THE CRUMB OFFICE AFTER 7 PM.

GO HOME AND LET 'EM ALL KNOW HOW YOU MADE OUT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear George:

Though I do like the new look you have given the CRUMB, and though I myself laughed when reading it, I must say that your reproduction of the story about the unfortunate man who was killed by a beesting in the throat was in terribly poor taste. If you don't shape up, I'll have to ask you to leave.

Sincerely,
Robert Pack

Dear Robert:

If you thought that was tasteless, look at this:

"WHO YOU ARE" POSTED

Carol Knauss has posted a list of who you are and where you are from. It is on the bulletin board by the dining hall. This list could be helpful in remembering your childhood (if you haven't moved from your hometown), finding lost neighbors, car-pooling, or transcribing for alpha-numeric practice.

TENNIS

The 1983 Bread Loaf Class A Tennis Tournement will begin shortly. Any interested plauers should find the sign-up sheet on the bulletin board outside the Crumb office. Tennis Master Galway Kinnell will take sharge. Partners will be matched post haste. Action soon.

OVERHEARD AT...

Sing of a good attitude overheard:

"But my favorite rejection was..."

Overheard standing in line at Bread Loaf reception:

First timer: You mean drinks are free...?"
Houston: "yeah, it's funny here they make you pay for the water."

Girl, 16, dies of man-of-war sting

CLEVELAND — Eileen McCarthy, 16, died during the weekend after being stung a month ago by a Portuguese man-of-war while on vacation in Florida.

The tenth grader was stung on the right temple while on a fart off Ft. Lauderdale, Dec. 28. She was revived at that time, but had been in a coma ever since.

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18TH VOL. 58 No. 4

LECTURES

9 PANEL: Writing for Young Adults
Mally Cox-Chapman, Betsy Sachs, Leon Steinmetz, Nancy Willard, Hilma Wolitzer

10:10 HOWARD NEMEROV
"On The Nature Of Poetry"

11:20 HILMA WOLITZER
"Truth or Consequences"

2 PAUL MARIANI
"Reassembling the Dust: Notes on the Art of Biography"

READINGS

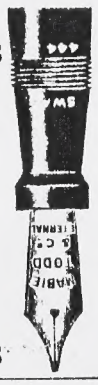
afternoon

4:20 RON CARLSON: From his novel TRUANTS

ELIZABETH EINSTEIN: from THE STEP-FAMILY: LIVING, LOVING and LEARNING

DAVID WOJAHN: from ICEHOUSE LIGHTS

evening



8:15 JOHN IRVING

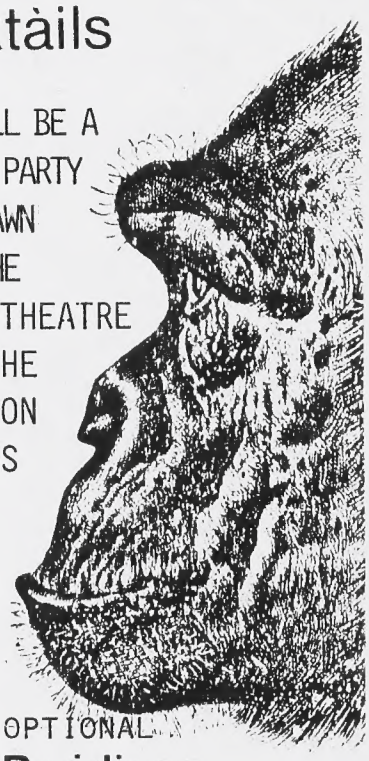
from a novel-in-progress THE CIDER HOUSE RULES

A child of Maine, Wilbur Larch was born in Portland in 187_--the son of a sullen, tidy woman who was among the staff of cooks and housekeepers for a man named Neal Dow, the Mayor of Portland and the so-called "Father of the Maine Law" which introduced prohibition to the State. Neal Dow once ran for the Presidency as the candidate of the Prohibition Party, but he won barely 10,000 votes--proving that the general voter was wiser than Wilbur Larch's mother, who worshipped her employer and saw herself more as his co-worker for temperance reform than as his servant (which she was).

Interestingly, Wilbur Larch's father was a drunk--no small feat in the Portland of Mayor Dow's day. It was permitted to advertise beer in shop windows--Scotch ale and bitter beer, which Wilbur Larch's father consumed copiously; it was necessary, he claimed, to drink these weak brews by the bucketful in order, as they say in Maine, to get a buzz on. To young Wilbur, his father never looked drunk--he never staggered or fell or lay in a stupor; he never shouted or slurred his speech. Rather, he had about him the appearance of one perpetually surprised, of one given to frequent and sudden revelations which would stop him in his tracks, or in mid-sentence, as if something had just come to him (or had just escaped him) that had preoccupied him for days.

-- from The Cider House Rules
by John Irving

Cocktails



THERE WILL BE A COCKTAIL PARTY ON THE LAWN BEHIND THE LITTLE THEATRE AFTER THE AFTERNOON READINGS AT APPROXIMATELY 5:30 PM.
DRESS: OPTIONAL

Staff Readings

WARNING:

Readings by members of the administrative staff will held tonight and Sunday night in the little theatre after the featured reading.
TONIGHT: Betsy Hickock
George Murphy (!)
Linda Yorton
Judith Cofer
Joyce Renwick

movié

In the Barn - after tonight's reading: Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice: starring Pack and Knauss and Kennedy and Littel. A poignant film a bout things of importance to us: Sex and Overindulgence.

SPECIAL

3:10 pm
PANEL: GUEST EDITORS
Maria Guanaschelli -Morrow
Carol Houcksmith -Norton
Joyce Johnson -Dial

errata:

ghost writer wtd

Kate Low of Pembroke, MA is seeking a ghost writer to work with her on a book about techniques for conquering infertility. She is an infertility counselor who says simply, "I need the help of a good writer. call (617) 826-3071.

PLEASE NOTE

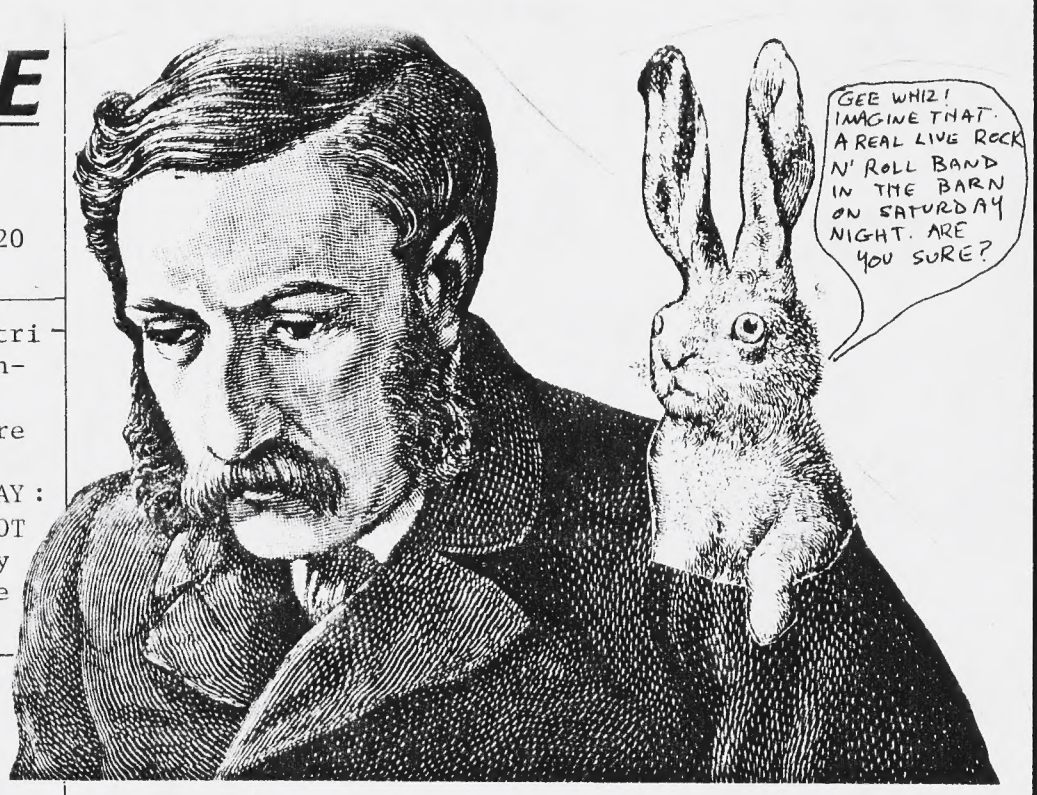
THE FOLLOWING IS REAL NEWS

Jean Naggar will be in the Barn today from 2-3 and from 4:20 -5:20 to meet with interested people.

PLEASE be reminded that the electrical system at Bread Loaf is 3 centiries old and overloads easily. (yes, I mentioned this once before but you have forgotten or never read it in the first place) ANYWAY: unplug your hair dryers and DO NOT use them henceforth. Instead, try standing on a porch in the breeze for a natural blow-dry look.

EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT GET OUT
We remind you, as we have often in various correspondence, that liesurely dining, while appropriate at the RITZ, is discouraged at Bread Loaf. Your waiters and waitresses are Bread Loafers too, and if you take too long over meals, you make it difficult, if not impossible, for them to get to events on time. So, wolf it down, will you?

SALAD BAR STRATEGIES: Tip #35
Rather than get into a long line and stand in the way of others entering the dining hall, try sitiing down first and then going up to the salad bar when the line has thinned a tad. What eh?



IBM ? DO ANY MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE WORK FOR IBM OR ANY OF ITS SUBSIDIARIES _ OR DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO DOES WORK FOR THEM (SPOUSE, FRIEND, ETC.)? If you do, please see George Murphy, CRUMB editor. Really.

Turtle's glamour career falls to pieces

NEW YORK — Hoffman, a box turtle who earned up to $50 an hour as a model, shattered his shell in a seven-story fall but probably can still lead a normal turtle's life, his doctor said yesterday.

Five-inch long Hoffman fell 10 days ago when he took a wrong turn off the terrace of an apartment in Long Beach, N.Y., where he lives with his owner Catherine Riggs-Bergensen, 26, also a model.

She rushed him to Dr. Jim Fingeroth of the Animal Medical Center in Manhattan.

"We did the best job we could to repair his shell," Fingeroth said. "It was like a jigsaw puzzle."

Riggs-Bergensen said Hoffman was having some trouble with his back legs but otherwise was fine. His career, however, is ruined.

Hoffman, whom she bought in a Bronx pet shop, was paid for posing for newspapers and magazines.—UPI

Dog electrocuted by exposed wiring at Lynn stoplight

LYNN (UPI) — A mother and daughter were walking their dog yesterday when they pressed the pedestrian light button to cross the street. The animal collapsed, acted funny, growled, bit both of them, vomited, then died.

The cause of death, police said, was electrocution sparked by the cross-walk light.

Massachusetts Electric Co. said exposed wire laying in a pool of water at the base of the light pole would not have electrocuted a person wearing shoes, but the force was enough to kill the dog.

The utility said the wires were repaired.

Joanne Stewart and her 12-year-old daughter Cynthia, of Lynn, were treated for dog bites at Union Hospital and released, police said.

The police report said Mrs. Stewart pressed the light button and then the dog "laid down and was acting funny. When they tried to move the animal it started biting them. The dog stiffened up again and began growling. It closed its eyes, vomited and died."

Non-daily drinking not alcoholism sign

DAN 2/8/79

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear George:
Of course you're right and I'm sorry. I never should have presumed to have had the authority to either direct your editorial control of the Crumb or to underestimate your finely tuned sense of propriety. The farting girl story made me smile warmly to myself and the people at my table. Thanks for sharing it.

Much love,
Bob Pack

PS: the extra power your computer is using will mean a cut in pay.

Dear Bob:
Let's talk straight. I'm underpaid and you know it. I want either a raise or a key to the room with the peephole. Or NO CRUMB on SUNDAY.

9PM CBS 6,7
A-108 TV GUIDE

Starring John Getz
THE CBS WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIES

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

SATURDAY AUGUST 20TH VOL. 58 NO. 5

LECTURES

9 ROBERT STONE

10:10 WILLIAM MATTHEWS: "Richard Hugo & Detective fiction"

11:20 PANEL: REPORTING & RESEARCH

2 DISCUSSION GROUPS

READINGS

afternoon

4:20 JOYCE JOHNSON reading from MINOR CHARACTERS

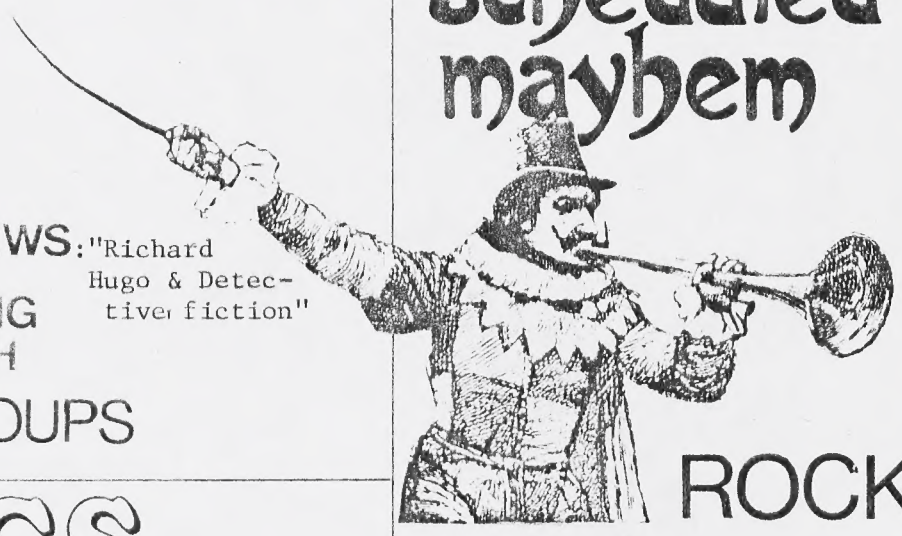
JIM SIMMERMAN: reading from HOME

MICHAEL BRONDOLI: reading from SHOWDOWN

evening

8:15 MARVIN BELL: reading from a forthcoming (May) book with the working title Drawn by Stones, by Earth, by Things that Have Been in the Fire, as well as from other works

scheduled mayhem



ROCK & ROLL

TONIGHT! IN THE BARN!
THE PAUL RISHELL BAND

Grease down your eyebrows and get out your tackiest dancing shoes; it's party time tonight following the reading.
Tonight's dance is being co-sponsored by Tendril Magazine and the Bread Loaf Conference.
PS: one veteran rocker has said that The Rishell band, if it gets the right audience, will rock all night. We'll see...

PPS: Will Bill Matthews finally let loose and do the wazoo?

Newman, author of two Book-of-the-Month club books on the abuse of language, hinted in a speech to nearly 1,300 persons in the Memorial Union Theater that efforts to improve language may be the result of attacks on pompous, inane, verbose language such as his. *Wisconsin State Journal* 10/9/78

White Clover

Once when the moon was out about three-quarters
and the fireflies who are the stars
of backyards
were out about three-quarters
and about three-fourths of all the lights
in the neighborhood
were on because people can be at home,
I took a not so innocent walk
out among the lawns,
navigating by the light of lights,
and there there were many hundreds of moons
on the lawns
where before there was only polite grass.
These were moons on long stems,
their long stems giving their greenness
to the center of each flower
and the light giving its whiteness to the tops
of the petals. I could say
it was light from stars
touched the tops of flowers and no doubt
something heavenly reaches what grows outdoors

(over. no stanza break)

3-lb. Package
72% Lean
Freshly Ground Beef
$1.28 LB

"white Clover" (cont.)

and the heads of men who go hatless,
but I like to think we have a world
right here, and a life
that isn't death. So I don't say it's better
to be right here. I say this is where
many hundreds of core-green moons
gigantic to my eye
rose because men and women had sown green grass,
and flowered to my eye in man-made light,
and to some would be as fire in the body
and to others a light in the mind
over all their property.

- Marvin Bell

NUNS VOW NOT TO ATTEND TONIGHT'S DANCE

Sisters Rosalie and Rosemonde: the Singing Sisters.

PLEASE NOTE

This is all real news:

If anyone here knows a Frank Mulcahy of Miami, he has sent you a package. Report to the office.

REMINDER: Please check mailboxes throughout the day for written and phone messages.

CHAMBER MUSIC ANYONE?? If you have a musical instrument on hand and would like to help provide some entertainment here at Bread Loaf, contact Lisa Merrill in the Office.

DEAR ABBY: The other evening at dinner I jokingly said to my husband, "I'll bet your girlfriend's name is the same as mine."
He said, "It sure is. That way I won't get you two mixed up." But, Abby, as he was saying this, he became so flustered he poured too much ketchup on his plate, and his face got as red as the ketchup he was pouring.
What are your comments? He travels a lot in his business.
— **LOST IN NEBRASKA**

DEAR LOST: Maybe you "red" more into his words that you should have. Always assume a person is innocent until you ketchup to him.

Nixon To Stand Pat On Watergate Tapes

Tiny town wiped out

DENMARK, Tenn. (AP) — For want of one more registered voter, the town of Denmark is no longer.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR
BEEF WELLINGTON TODAY?
Sweet Tibbie Dunbar
Portland 232-1801

LETTERS TO THE ED

To the nerd who selected the "Electrocuted Dog" story:

Was this incident meant to be an appertif for breakfast? It wasn't. Was it intended to amuse? It didn't.
-Jo Ann Reeves
Animal Protection Institute

Dear Jo Ann:

You're right. It was in utterly poor taste. The jerk who selected it has been summarily dismissed and has left the mountain.
-Ed.

Dear George:
That story about the electrocuted dog was a riot. Keep it up.
-Bob Reiss

Dear George:
Your incorrect dating of Friday's Crumb is proof of how out of date your paper's news is? I'm tired of the Crumb's left-overs. Get with it. Some of us like news hot off the press.
-Jim Vendetti

Dear Jim:
Sunday's Crumb will be dated Monday so as to catch up. Thanks.
-Ed.

Dear George:
Thanks again for the use of the typewriter. Ask me for help - box 2374 and I'll check back with you.
-Amy

Dear Amy:
Help.
-Ed.

Dear George:
OK, I'll agree to minimum wage but must say "no" to the Mazda.
-R. Pack

OVERHEARD AT...

West lawn reception:
"Herpes cannot be transmitted orally. I've researched this."

Tamarack;
"what color is your word processor?"

the Barn:
"most non-fiction is mostly fiction."

in the little theatre:
"people who come the second time enjoy it more."
(coming back to Bread Loaf?)

Sign on ANNEX door:
"Trespassers will be violated."

15-Year-Old Girl Designs H-Bomb

THE SUNDAY NEW YORK CRUMB

August 21, 1983 Vol. 58, No. 6

Cramp Run

The Annual Writers' Cramp Run will be held this morning irregardless. It is a 3.5 mile race which will begin at the front rod between ANNEX and CHERRY. Prizes of all sorts will be awarded to winner of categories determined completely by the whims of Gary Margolis (e.g. first poet wearing purple shorts). Long distance runner John Gillespie, certain to be a contender, reminds all those of faint heart or pounding head, "Any writer who can't run 3.5 miles with a hangover doesn't belong here."

READINGS

afternoon

3 PM: **ROBERT STONE**

evening

8:15: **NANCY WILLARD**

Bloody Marys

The 76th Annual Sunday Bloody Sunday Bloody Mary Party will be held at approximately 12:15 on the lawn today behind Bridgeman Cottage.Hair of that dog that bit you last night.

The Photographer and the Moon

The moon carries a black box
strapped to her back which she
turns on me.

Still, I leave her my room.
I open the window
and close the door.

When the moon flies in
I hear her running water
and opening her box.

Someone is taking baths,
one after another.
When I take out my dirty

pictures, showing her
self as a new moon,
she stops singing.

I turn my head.
What is that pulse,
that music too far

for the tune to carry,
like a grand ball
on the other side of the water?

-Nancy Willard

'MOTELGATE' ROCKS LOAF

427 382 02

82 09/82 11/83 VISA V
RONALD POWERS

SHADY NOOKIE NOTEL
NEW AKFD, MA 53316 15 83
00000100402/234560
00173/72000505126F

QTY.	CLASS	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	AMOUNT
		Suite		16 80
		tip		52 50
		VIDEO RENTAL: GASPUMP GIRLS		7. 00
		VIBROBED		3. 50
DATE	AUTHORIZATION	CLERK	REG/DEPT.	SUB TOTAL
				TAX
X	CUSTOMER SIGNATURE	R.Powers		TOTAL 99 40

THIS FORM TO BE USED WITH MasterCard VISA

SALES SLIP IMPORTANT: RETAIN THIS COPY FOR YOUR RECORDS

CUSTOMER COPY SALES SLIP

332 W 86 NYC 10 24

(UPI) Middlebury - EXTRA: In a surprise move made early this morning The Crumb released its findings in a matter certain to cause a shake-up in the administrative staff and which may have as yet undetermined and far-reaching effects. Ron (Toot-toot-tootsie Goodbye)Powers, we have learned, while on salary as a Bread Loaf Faculty Member, may be guilty of something or other.

The above Hotel receipt raises some interesting questions:

1. How exactly did the Crumb come to be in possession of this receipt.
2. Where is New Akfd, Massachusetts?
3. What exactly is meant by the small "V" after the word "VISA" (vis-a-vis?)
4. Why was the Vibrobed so expensive?
5. Who are the cast of "Gaspump Girls"?
6. Is "Notel" to be taken seriously?
7. a) who did the math and b) was Ron ripped off or did he willingly sign? and c) if so, why?
8. What on God's good earth is worth a $52.50 tip?

MORE TOMORROW -ED

Judith Cofer wins Dance Contest! In a stunning victory over Doug (Crazylegs) Kincaid, Judith, whose unforgettable underherself boogie on top of the piano moved many to tears, had this to say: "Thank you very much. I deserved it."

Charles Lindbergh

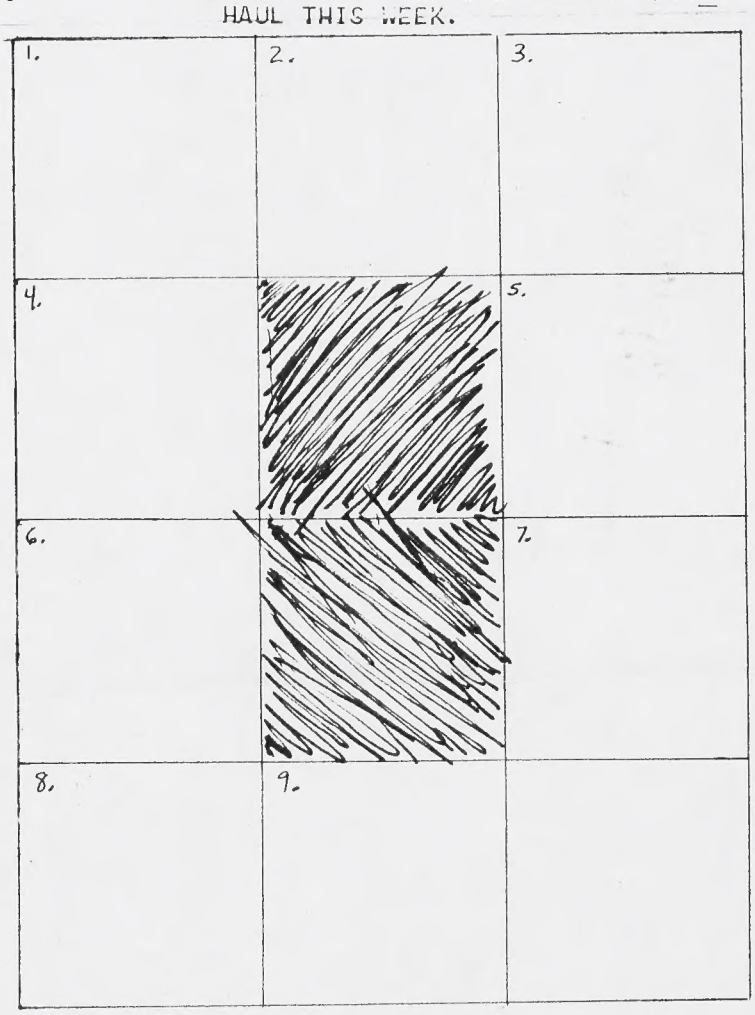
Staff Readings

WILL BE HELD TONIGHT IN THE BARN CLASSROOM, SECOND FLOOR, AFTER THE LITTLE THEATRE READING.
BE THERE OR THERE"LL BE NO ALCOHAUL THIS WEEK.

THE SUNDAY CRUMB POST-DANCE BIG-PRINT PUZZLE

ACROSS:
1. "The Hotel ___ Hampshire"
4. ___-turn
5. Robert Pack's first initial
6. the sound a drone makes
7. the first person
8. "___ on it" says Joannie to Chachi

DOWN:
1. Who didn't come to the dance (see yesterday's Crumb)
2. Fifth letter of the alphabet (as we know it)
3. What everybody here at Bread Loaf has done
9. me



Unidentified Bread Loafer responds dramatically to question: "How'd your discussion group go?

Mauling By Bear Leaves Woman Grateful For Life

The Herald-Dispatch (Huntington, W Va) 9.8.77

DAVID BAIN'S SECRET REVEALED!

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1983 VOL. 58 No. 7

LECTURES

9 **GALWAY KINNELL** : The Form of Free Verse (I Think)

10:10 **DAVID GODINE** , Publisher

11:20 **JOHN IRVING** : Narrative Momentum; Comic Relief; Technical Information; Research.

2 **MARVIN BELL** : How Come You Sound That Way?

READINGS

afternoon

3:10 **PAUL GRAY** Book Review Editor, Time Magazine

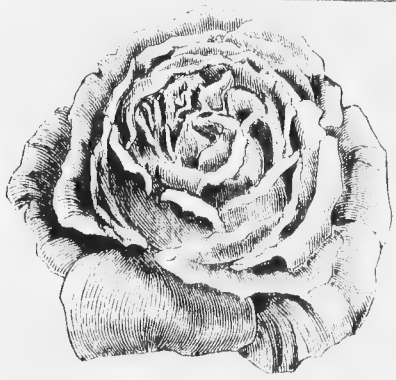
4:20 **DAVID HUDDLE** short story: "Only The Little Bone"

MARY MORRIS Work In Progress

CAROLE OLES reading from QUARRY

evening

8:15 **ROBERT PACK** from FACES IN A SINGLE TREE (forthcoming) A cycle of dramatic monologues



In a Field

Here, in a field
Of devil's paintbrushes,
The circle of far trees
Tightens, and near bushes
Hump like ruins
When the moon floats loosely
Past the desolation
Owl moans wake. Here,
As if the world's
Last lovers, we
Have rung from the ruins
The whippoorwill's
Thrust of melody.
You have fallen asleep,
Breathing as the wind breathes
Among wetted thistle,
The scented vine,
And, listening, I move
My body toward you,
When a small convulsion
Shakes your hand,
The moonlight flashes
On your teeth.
I am afraid to kiss you.
Never have I wished more
Not to die.

-Robert Pack

STAY WHERE YOU ARE DON'T DO ANYTHING

Whatever happens, don't do anything until you hear from the authorities; your safety cannot be guaranteed if you take it upon yourself to act.

Stay in your homes, cars or shopping centers. If you stay at home, watch television or listen to loud music. During the day, remember that there is no safer place for you than on the job. If you are too young to work, go to school. For your own good, do as you are told.

The authorities remind you: The streets of your community are not safe, so if you must leave your home, to seek entertainment or diversion, drive, do not walk, to your destination. If you find yourself unexpectedly on the street on foot, speak to no one.

Remember that maintenance of order rests solely upon your willingness to follow instructions.

—*from* **Modern Citizen** *magazine*

MURPHY MISSING

"Help!" cried hard-bitten editor George Murphy, as he was bundled into a waiting car while a crowd of CRUMB readers cheered.

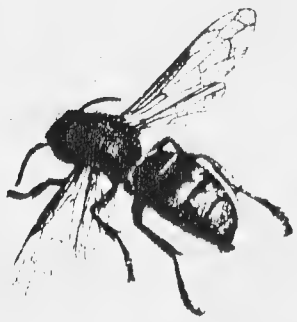
Another joke? No. A ransom note was found early this a.m., demanding $10 for Murphy's safe return. So far CRUMB staffers have raised $3.71, but time is running out.

Won't you help?

Man Robs, Then Kills Himself

The Washington Post 12/19/75

errata:



REUNION BITES DOG

Dear Bread Loafer,

Everyone likes reunions--just look at how many there are! Three years ago we decided to get on the reunion bandwagon, and have one at Bread Loaf. We liked it so much that we had a second one last year, and now want to announce that the third annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference Reunion Weekend will be October 14, 15, 16, 1983. We're convinced that our reunions are the best you will find.

Why? Well, most reunions offer you such a crowded schedule that you go home needing a vacation to get over them, and you feel as though, despite your best efforts, you have missed out on something. We, on the other hand, offer you very little in the way of a formal program. Three sets of three short readings by Bread Loaf staff members, to be exact. That's it. (Past readings have been given by Mark Strand, Terrence Des Pres, John Gardner, Erica Jong, Hilma Wolitzer and Carolyn Forche.) There's nothing crowded about it.

So what will you do with all of that free time? For one thing, it's very nice to have free time--most of us don't anymore--with which to do anything you wish, or to do nothing at all. And you can take a walk, and enjoy Bread Loaf at the peak of the foliage season. It is the major foliage weekend, incidentally, and if you've never seen Vermont in October, you haven't lived. Even if you have seen it, it's well worth seeing again. Spectacular is the word. You can renew old acquaintances, and perhaps make new friends. You can curl up in front of a blazing fire with a cup of hot cider, or hot coffee, or hot chocolate, and read. You can talk about writing, which is, after all, your favorite subject. You can even, if you like, write! (Remember, we don't encourage you to do that at the regular session of the Conference!)

The cost of the weekend is $150 per person; that includes lodging for two nights, five full meals, snacks, and all cocktails. We invite you to bring spouses or friends (no children or pets, please); if you do bring a guest, the rate for the person accompanying you will be $125. Reservations will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis; a deposit of $25 per person must accompany each reservation. Checks should be made payable to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference Reunion.

The weekend is great fun, relaxing, and beautiful. We hope many of you will be able to come.

With best wishes,

Carol Knauss

Carol Knauss
Administrative Assistant

WINNER TELLS ALL

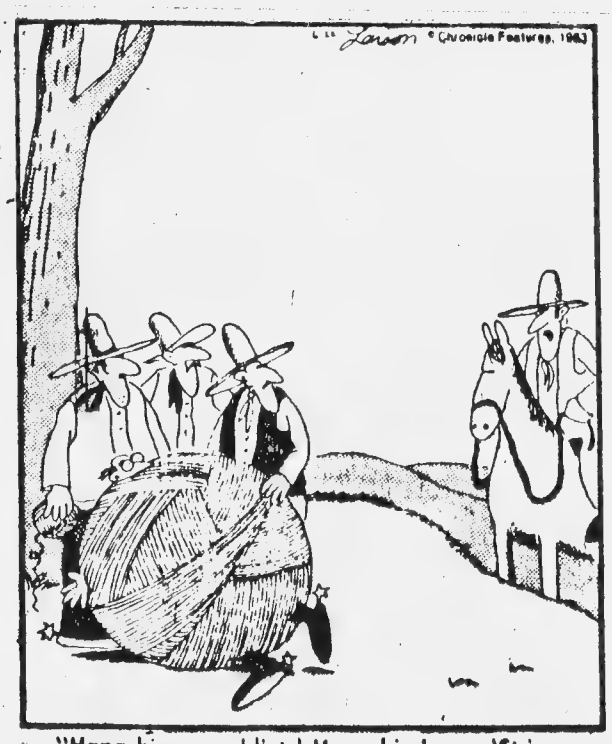
When asked to explain his surprise victory in the Third Annual Cramp, fiction writer Walt Newman opined, "I don't know. Too much sleep."

TRUTH

Joseph Conrad cried out to his wife, "I don't want criticism, I want praise!"

CARVED IN STONE

There are no metaphors.



"Hang him, you idiots! Hang him! . . . 'String-him-up' is a figure of speech!"

An illustration from Ron Hansen's new novel.

GIRL TELLS SOME

A 14-year-old Ottawa girl told Ottawa police early this morning that while she babysat at a home on Jefferson Street a man tapped on a window then exposed himself to her, city police said today. Police were able to get a partial discription of the man, officers said.

BEAUTY

The full moon over Tamarack, my true love's eyes, a three book contract.

WANTED

Ambitious self-starter for editorial position at major writers' conference. Low pay, great fringe benefits.

Cold Wave Linked To Temperatures

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23 ±1983 Vol 58 No 8

WORKSHOPS

9-10:30

JOHN IRVING	LITTLE THEATRE
HOWARD NEMEROV	BARN 1
RON POWERS	BARN 2

10:40-12:10

ROBERT STONE	LITTLE THEATRE
MARVIN BELL	BARN 1
HILMA WOLITZER	BARN 2

READINGS

afternoon

4: Rick Fields

William Hathaway

Ursula Hegi

evening

8:15 JEROME CHARYN

BATHSHEBA'S face.
Red under ropes of black hair.
Her nostrils suck in and out.
Lionel's purple hands peek from her dress.
My uncle and my mother getting smothered by a man.

It's the first memory I have. I was in that scratchy forest between three and four. I took giant steps wherever I went. Somebody stole Bathsheba. The man who'd been smothering her touched his forehead with a handkerchief. My father Bruno arrived. He argued with the man and made a trick. He could reach in and pull money out of himself.

It took me years to unravel that afternoon when Bathsheba vanished and my father was a money tree. I had to hunt out the witch that's behind every story. The witch sits and laughs, while you slave your ass off.

from Pinocchio's Nose by Jerome Charyn

1978 Christmas Stamps Depict Madonna, Child On Hobby Horse

The Indianapolis Star 10/19/78

2 pm: PANEL:
GUEST EDITORS

ANNE MOLLEGEN SMITH - GLAMOUR
EILEEN SCHNURR - GLAMOUR
ALICE TURNER - PLAYBOY

SHORT STORY CONTEST

RULES:
1. Short stories (or novels) are to be exactly 15 words in length. Words in title count.
2. Judges are looking for sustained narrative-evocative stories that will change our lives forever.
3. Submit to Box 2410 by Weds. at 1 pm. Author's name should not appear on story - just box number.
4 PRIZES: publication in the CRUMB and top prize: an unopened unchilled bottle of the cheapest wine in the region.

Harry and Ronnie Bennett inseminate their cows themselves, having both attended a three-day school to learn the technique.

Covington Virginian 1/24/80

Nude woman sentenced in case of arson 'for God'

VANCOUVER, British Columbia (UPI) — A British Columbia Supreme Court jury yesterday convicted Mary Braun, 63, who sat naked on the witness bench during her two-day arson trial. She was sentenced to four years in prison.

Mrs. Braun, who wore a white robe into the courtroom during the two-day trial but discarded it when seated in the prisoner's box, showed no emotion when the seven-woman, five-man jury found her guilty after deliberating two hours.

"It appears you are still a member of a misguided sect that has been plaguing the Kootenays for so many years," British Columbia Supreme Court Judge George Murray said before passing sentence. The Kootenays are an area of southeastern British Columbia.

Mrs. Braun is a member of the Sons of Freedom, one of three branches of the Doukhobor religion whose members left Russia at the turn of the century to escape religious persecution.

The Sons of Freedom believe salvation lies in the rejection of property through fire and frequently appear naked in public in the belief that nudity is the purist state of being.

★ ★ ★

THE JUDGE, who let the woman remain naked out of respect for her religious beliefs, said he had taken it into consideration that Mrs. Braun had alerted authorities after setting fire to a Doukhobor museum near Castlegar, British Columbia, and had caused little damage to the building.

"Nevertheless, arson is a serious crime and you have shown no remorse and no indication you wouldn't repeat this action," the judge said. He added that four years was "the very least" sentence he could impose since she had two previous arson convictions.

Two Royal Canadian Mounted Police tesitifed that Mrs. Braun had told them she was ordered by God to burn the building.

Before being sentenced, Mrs. Braun said she wanted to make a statement but felt too weak because of an 87-day religious fast she began soon after being arrested last October. But she said she believed she was not guilty in the eyes of God.

Teen-age prostitution problem is mounting

TEXT OF RON POWERS' REPLY TO "MOTELGATE"

It is my intention to answer the scurrilous charges in the Crumb - not with a calm and reasoned refutation of the specific points, as others might do, but rather with an hysterical, frontal ad hominem attack upon the Crumb's editor.

Let's look at the facts: It is well knownt that, in my frequent capacity as a media critic, I have been outspoken against many of the cheap, flashy, superficial audience-building techniques that George Murphy has installed in this newspaper in his pathetic attempt to shore up its sagging circulation.

Does it strike no one as peculiar that the Crumb's "expose" came just three days after my lecture in which I savaged those neo-philistines who are subverting the 500-year old accumulation of linear values by selling out to the broadcast media's dominating influence? Can anyone look at George Murphy's Crumb and mistake it for the Magna Carta? Is it not true the Mr. Murphy prints the Crumb on newfangled equippment? WELL, THEN!

signed,

Ron Powers

PS: I can explain the tip: I'm a good tipper

Dear Mr. Powers:

You're so right and I'm a fool to have misjudged you. Thank you very much. I deserved it. And just to shpw you how deep is my blush, I have instituted a fund to erect the RonPowers Commemorative Satellite Dish for Cable TV hookups for future conferences.

Connie Tied, Nude Policeman Testifies

Atlanta Journal 6.17.76

ALL THAT FOLLOWS IS REAL NEWS, REALLY!

If you need transportation off the Mt. at the end of the Conf., you must fill out a departure plan, avail. at Front Desk, by NOON Thursday. This job takes a lot of coordinating, if you're late, you'll have no guarantees.

C'Mon You Guys!!!
please be reminded that the waiter people have to wait for you and some of you are being inconsiderate by lingering over coffee. Get your 3rd cup at the Barn and give these folks a needed and deserved break.

So that appropriate amts. of food, beer, etc. can be estimated for Saturday's dance and Sunday's meal, please sign yr. name on the sheet at the front desk if you are leaving before Saturday's dinner.

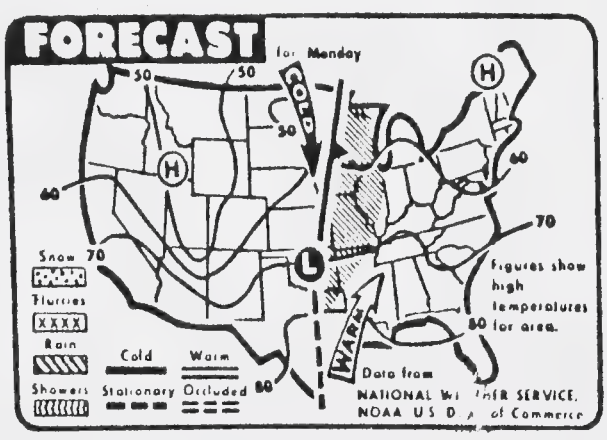
BOOKSTORE SALE THURSDAY: 20% OFF!!!!!!!
Bookstore closes Saturday NOON.

Waiters Reading Tonight in the classroom in the Barn following Jerome Charyn. Be both inspired and fed tomorrow.

NON-FICTION FREELANCING RAP SESSION
2 pm Friday Aug 26th Blue Room of the Inn. Elizabeth Einstein and Pat Watson will share nuts and bolts of freelancing articles and photos (basic how-to).

BREAD LOAF Stationery is now available in the bookstore: charming illustrated note-lets. $3.50.

Copies of Segues: A Correspondence in Poetry by Marvin Bell and William Stafford have been hand delivered, hot-off-the-press by David Godine. $8.95 going fast.



Shaded parts of map locate areas occupied by Israel since 1967.

Milwaukee Sentinel 10.31.77

Former man dies in California

Fremont County (Calif.) Chronicle-News 2.11.75

NOTE: Any and all workshops are open to anyone at all who wishes to sit in!!!!! Decide first and take only those workshop materials.

READING 5-6:15: Barn 1, David Gelsanliter, Bev Chapman, Maureen Hurt.

WEATHER REPORT: Precisely between 10:40 am and 12:10 pm an unexpected precipitation will green the grass: sweeping compound. And it's so gruesome it's like a a wildlife short.

the CP[illegible]1B '83

"... if I had to sum up newspapers' strength in one word, that word would be 'revelance.'"
Serving Advertising in the Midwest 10-31-75

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 24 1983 Vol 58 No 9

WORKSHOPS

9-10:30

WILLIAM MATTHEWS	LITTLE THEATRE
TIM O"BRIEN	BARN 1
GALWAY KINNELL	BARN 2

10:40-12:10

ROBERT PACK	LITTLE THEATRE
NANCY WILLARD	BARN 1
JEROME CHARYN	BARN 2

READINGS afternoon

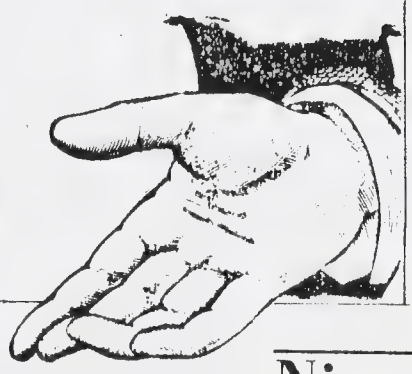
4: David Bain

Page Edwards

Wyatt Prunty

evening

8:15 LINDA PASTAN



2 GUEST EDITOR
Michael Curtis
THE ATLANTIC

SCHOLARS READING
9:30 approx: Barn 2
Jami Wolf, Julia Alvarez, Sarah Provost, Bob Schochocis, Trip Garbriel, Sharon Stark, Gardner McFall

Cocktails BYOB
Larch Well 5:30

All Night

The children have gone
through doors so small
we may not follow
even if we stoop

and the dogs bark all night
hearing calls
in registers too high
for our frail senses.

We follow words instead
but they are only signposts
leading to other words
leaving us lost

in our own landscape.
We struggle merely to see
for the sun too has slipped away,
hiding its tracks

in afterlight,
to a place of unimagined
reds and golds
a place where children

lounge on grass
calling to dogs whose barking
they can still hear
all these years from home.

-Linda Pastan

Nicaragua sets goal to wipe out literacy

The Boston Globe 10-1-7

Last week Toronto policemen buried one of their own—a 22-year-old constable shot with his own revolver in a silent display of police solidarity, rarely seen in Canada
Maclean's (Canada) 10/2/78

Shouting Match Ends Teacher's Hearing

New Salem [illegible]

éxrrdA:

IN SUNDAY'S COURIER-EXPRESS Rita Smith writes about a teen-age prostitute who refuses to change her way of life despite the pleas of her anguished mother. For home delivery, phone 847-5500
Courier Express Buffalo New York 1/11/75

Prostitutes appeal to Pope

Question: What's all in a day's work for you?

Betty Sager
Taxidermist
Spring Valley

I do everything in fur rugs except mounting the head which is done by one of the guys. I wet up the rest of the bod right down to the claws and sew up the bullet holes. Then I stretch it on a plywood board, you know you can't make a flat rug out of a round bear without a good deal of technique. After it's dried five days I trim it in a nice curve and pad the feet if it's a bear. Then I line it with foam and one or two layers of felt and sew around the head and feet by hand and run the thing through the pinking machine. Zebras are easier because they have flat heads

Posthumous Medal of Honor is presented to Mrs. Hugh Eubanks, Bolivar, Tenn, who was killed while investigating a family disturbance. Police Times 2/76

One witness told the commissioners that she had seen sexual intercourse taking place between two parked cars in front of her house. The Press (Atlantic City, N.J.) 6/14/79

LETTERS TO THE ED

Dear George:
Highly spaced Mountain Sources say Crumb is better than ever! Take First Flight out. Come to D.C. -Redesign the Post. Love & Kisses, Bunny Boo.
-Katherine Graham

REAL NEWS

The editor would like to acknowledge that the amount of real news is decreasing daily. What he'd like to know is what are people doing instead of public events?

Weds 5-6:30 BLUE ROOM
Rebecca Chalker, ed. of A NEW VIEW OF WOMAN'S BODY and HOW TO STAY OUT OF THE GYNOCOLOGISTS OFFICE will hold a discussion of Women's Health issues.

9:30 approx: Top floor of Barn
THE 1st Annual REBEL YELL, readings by Southern writers. Yankees urged to attend to learn, cheer,boo... byomint juleps.

The tip box for waiters has a large slot in its top and is outside the dining room door.

NOTE: Ladies in BLOOMFIRLD MUST STOP USING HAIRDRYERS. You are blowing circuits on a daily basis. Next you'll be responsible for blowing a main fuse on Box 90 and we'll all have no clocks, food, coffee. NADA. We mean it!

Weds 5-6:30 OPEN POETRY READING
BARN 1: 3-5 mins. each (please time yourself. Sing up: John Fitzpatrick Box 2382. All welcome.

"Good news! It's not a novel. It's economic theory."

NEW PORT RICHEY, Fla. — Bound, gagged and trussed up nude in a denim bag, with plugs in her ears and tape over her eyes, Cleveland teacher Linda L. Sharpe told yesterday how she was kidnaped to Florida, not knowing where she was going or why. The (Cleveland) Plain Dealer 6/14/78

By then, she will have shed 80 of the 240 pounds she weighed in with when she entered Peter Bent Brigham hospital obesity program. A third of her left behind! The Boston Herald American 2/76

Lot of Women Distressing

Spokane Daily Chronicle 7/4/75

Linden woman, aided by fund drive, dies

Jobless Ranks Thin Out Slightly In September

Jane Butcher, on the walk of her home in White Plains, is president of the United Way of Westchester — only the second woman in the nation to hold a similar post.

Tarrytown Daily News 9/16/75

Bald men are prime target of blackbird

Associated Press

SANTA MONICA, Calif. – Bald men seem to be the favorite target of a berserk blackbird dive-bombing passersby on a Santa Monica street.

"The bird's been there for about three or four weeks now, and he sits right on top of our building," said C.J. Hafner, who works on Wilshire boulevard where the attacks have been occurring.

A witness to some of the attacks, said, "Favorite targets seem to be bald men."

Kimball Garrett, ornithologist at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, offered an explanation for the behavior.

"This is nesting time, and its eggs have probably just hatched," Garrett said. "They can be very aggressive and protective when they see anything they perceive as a predator. But this probably will go on for only a few more weeks."

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

Thursday, August 25 1983 Vol 58 No 10

PANEL

9 AM Little Theatre
SMALL PRESS MAGAZINE & BOOK PUBLISHERS

George Murphy: Tendril Magazine, Wampeter Press
Liz Rosenberg: MSS Magazine
Hilda Raz: Prairie Schooner
Jim Schley: New England Review/Bread Loaf Quarterly

WORKSHOPS

2:00-3:30

Tim O'Brien	Little Theatre
Linda Pastan	Barn 1
Howard Nemerov	Barn 2

READINGS afternoon

4: CAROLYN FORCHE

TERRY HUMMER

BOB REISS

evening

8:15 RON POWERS

11: READING BY FELLOWS

CLARE BELL
SCOTT BUNN

SCHOLARS READING

BARN 2 Approximately 9:30

Mike Cunningham, Sandra Alcosser, Agha, Shahid Ali, Peter Gordon, Tom Swiss, Bill McGowan, Arthur Smith

Mrs. Consigny was living alone in her home in Nakoma after her husband died in 1954 when the phone rang.

This is Madison (Wis.) 7/8/78

IT TOOK OFF AGAIN!

That much he never doubted; that much he knew. He had seen it, alone perhaps among all the men who had ever existed in time. The ball leapt off Thomson's bat and rocketed out to left field, a sinking line drive. In the instant of perception that was allowed him, he saw that it was going to hit the high wall for a double, or maybe only a single, because Pafko played the wall good. . . .

But it took off again!

The ball actually rose in flight (a fact never mentioned in any of the next day's newspapers nor ever, in history). He had seen it. And . . . it's in there . . . *it slipped, darted like a dove, in under that jutting left-field facade, and vanished into the lower stands.*

And Pafko . . .

And people turning to stare at one another, stunned . . . writers ripping up their leads . . . and Jesus Christ it's over!

There is an instant of silence.

And: "Toot-toot-tootsie, good-bye!

"Toot-toot-tootsie, good-bye!

—RON POWERS

City May Impose Mandatory Time For Prostitution

The Tampa

Carl Viking Holman, perennial loser, dies

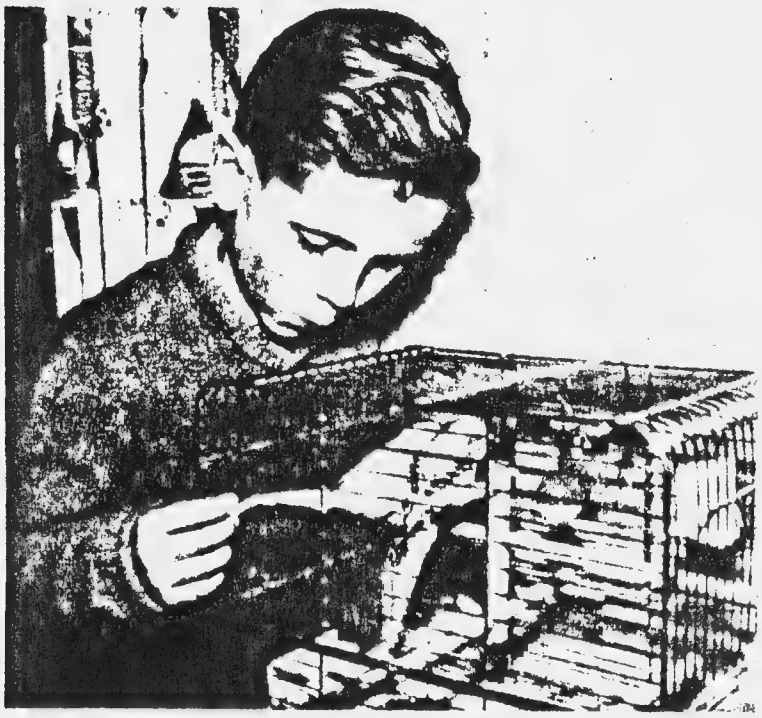
Wenatchee (Wash.) World 5-27-77

terilization Solves Problems For Pets, Owners

San Jose Mercury

PET TIPS: LAST IN A SERIES

Tail-pulling should be discouraged.



Obituary problems

DEAR ABBY: My mother recently passed away after a brief illness. In the obituary published in our local newspaper, they gave her age as 89.

Abby, mother was only 80, so it was apparently a typographical error.

Now this may not seem very important to some people, but mother was a very vain and prideful woman who would never tell her age.

Because of this typographical error in her obituary, everyone will think she was nine years older than she actually was.

Should we ask the newspaper editor to publish a correction? I say we should. The rest of the family says to skip it.

OUTVOTED IN OHIO

DEAR OUTVOTED: Sometimes it's better to leave bad enough alone. In support of my advice, I offer the following from the California Newspaper Publishers Association. It is an example of a typographical error in the classified section of a small town newspaper, and the subsequent disastrous attempts to correct it:

"(Monday) FOR SALE — R. D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Phone 948-0707 after 7 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who lives with him cheap.

"(Tuesday) NOTICE — We regret having erred in R. D. Jones' ad yesterday. It should have read: 'One sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 948-0707 and ask for Mrs. Kelly who lives with him after 7 p.m.'

"(Wednesday) NOTICE — R. D. Jones has informed us that he has received several annoying telephone calls because of the error we made in his classified ad yesterday. His ad stands correct as follows: FOR SALE — R. D. Jones has one sewing machine for sale. Cheap. Phone 948-0707 p.m. and ask for Mrs. Kelly who loves with him.

"(Thursday) NOTICE — I, R. D. Jones, have NO sewing machine for sale. I SMASHED IT. Don't call 948-0707, as the telephone has been taken out. I have NOT been carrying on with Mrs. Kelly. Until yesterday she was my housekeeper, but she quit."

LETTERS TO THE ED

Dear George:
Great work on "Motelgate." We'll nail that tv guy to the wall (Reminds me of our bill at Shady Rest- didn't we see "Starlets in Space?" tee hee). Come to D.C. Bunny Boo
-Katherine Graham

Town OKs Animal Rule
The Asheville (S.C.) Citizen 3.2.77

Dear **Ann Landers:**

My husband and I will be celebrating our 25th wedding anniversary in December. Ben didn't have a dime when we got married, and we went without a lot of the necessities for the first few years – like hot water and heat in the apartment. But we never were unhappy because we had each other, and that was the most important thing. God blessed us with three wonderful children and we have been lucky. They are all good students, no drugs.

Ben got into a small business and has done very well. Now for the Ann Landers problem: Ben wants to buy me a mink coat for my silver anniversary. I am going through the change, and what I really need is a fan to give me relief from the hot flashes.

Ben says I shouldn't deprive him of the pleasure. It would make him so happy to buy me the coat. Please tell me what to do.

– Rogers Park Wife

Scientists are at loss due to brain-eating amoeba
The Arizona Republic 10/5/78

O-FISH-ALL PHOTOS: of staff, fellows, scholars, admin. staff, waiters, etc. have been taken. Get photo order blanks in the secretary's office. $4/print.

REMINDER that being on time to workshops and readings is the preferred method of going to same.

Departure Plans: Let front office know of your plans- coordination is a BIG job. Also let them know if you're leaving early, i.e. Fri or Sat.

OCTOBER REUNION reservations are being accepted, but don't wait too long. Places are filling fast. Forms are in Secretary's office.

TIPS: waiter tip box has as yet not been over-fed. Don't forget as well the maids who clean your rooms. Such causes are just plain just.

SLIDE SHOW: Thursday 2 pm: top floor of Barn: Jim Schley, recently returned from 8 days in Nicaragua as part of a delegation of North American writers and artists.

Pat Grande is calling down the blessings of the muse on whoever returned her camera to the Front Desk.

READING: 5-6:15 Barn 1: Jamie Mac Eachern, Pat Grinager, Karen Petrovich.

Rutting Remembrances: A reading by the old bulls in Barn 1 at 9:30

WEATHER: Thursday's weather was sent on a postcard from the King of Cats to his wife:
"Clouds are gentle walls that hide
Gardens on the other side."

FOR SALE: BEST OFFER: Amy Hempel is selling her 6 minutes of Scholars' reading tonight. Leave offers in Box 2374

PERSONAL: Stunning, middle-aged woman seeks date with Tim O'Brien - willing to travel, cooks well, and makes her owr clothes.

THURSDAY

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

Friday August 26, 1983 Vol 58 #11

WORKSHOPS

9-10:30

HILMA WOLITZER — BARN 1
NANCY WILLARD — BARN 2
GALWAY KINNELL — LITTLE THEATRE

10:40-12:10

ROBERT STONE — LITTLE THEATRE
ROBERT PACK — BARN 1

READINGS afternoon

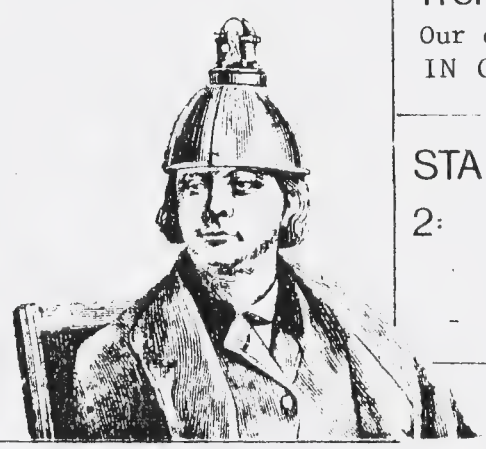
4: Ed Hirsch

Susan Mitchell

Ellen Pall

evening

8:15 TIM O'BRIEN



Cocktails 5:15

Treman Lawn not byob

Our elegant event: Dress up!

IN CASE OF RAIN, GO TO BARN

STAFF READING

2: JUDITH COFER
BETSY HICKOCK
GEORGE MURPHY
LINDA YORTON

They did not know even the simple things: a sense of victory, or satisfaction, or necessary sacrifice. They did not know the feeling of taking a place and keeping it, securing a village and then raising the flag and calling it a victory. No sense of order or momentum. No front, no rear, no trenches laid out in neat parallels. No Patton rushing for the Rhine, no beachheads to storm and win and hold for the duration. They did not have targets. They did not have a cause. They did not know if it was a war of ideology or economics or hegemony or spite. On a given day, they did know where they were in Quang Ngai, or how being there might influence larger outcomes. They did not know the names of most villages. They did not know which villages were critical. They did not know strategies. They did not know the terms of the war, its architecture, the rules of fair play. When they took prisoners, which was rare, they did not know the questions to ask, whether to release a suspect or beat on him. They did not know how to feel. Whether, when seeing a dead Vietnamese, to be happy or sad or relieved; whether, in times of quiet, to be apprehensive or content; whether to engage the enemy or elude him. They did not know how to feel when they saw villages burning. Revenge? Loss? Peace of mind or anguish? They did not know. They knew the old myths about Quang Ngai—tales passed down from old-timer to newcomer—but they did not know which stories to believe. Magic, mystery, ghosts and incense, whispers in the dark, strange tongues and strange smells, uncertainties never articulated in war stories, emotion squandered on ignorance. They did not know good from evil.

—TIM O'BRIEN frok Going After Cacciato

PRINCETON — Ken Strachan, editor of The Brantford Expositor, spoke at the annual meeting of the Women's Institute on May 17.

The group decided to make a donation to the Mental Health Association

The Brantford (Ont.) Expositor 5/30/78

A 14-year-old Ottawa girl told Ottawa police early this morning that while she babysat at a home on Jefferson Street a man tapped on a window then exposed himself to her, city police said today. Police were able to get a partial discription of the man, officers said.

The Daily Times (Ottawa, Ill.) 12/22/78

Computer center turns on students

The Daily Transcript
Dedham, Massachusetts 1/10/75

New Book Out By Former Writer

The Main Line Times (Ardmore, Pa.) 5/20/76

In the lunchroom: "No, I don't write fiction but I do lie as often as possible.

in the lobby: 1: "It's cute how they call it the Crumb." 2: "It's the least they could do."

at Larch: "I don't know anything about poetry but I know what I like... and it's not poetry.

on the lawn: 1: "They're not putting any of my 'overheards' in the Crumb." 2: Maybe they're gearing up to send out rejections."

at Treman: "Maybe I should tell her I was just grabbing for the pen I dropped."

in the dining room: "This is the only place where you can drink on the job."

"It's diffucult to write from the point of view of a dolphin."

"She's an ex-nun !"

at Treman: 1: "I think George Murphy has one of everything" 2: "Two of some."

on the lawn: 1: "It was over 10-feet long." 2: How'd you ever get it up?" (about a kite)

Bloomfield has expressed deepest apologies for the mountain-wide power outrages. A spokesperson promised "We'll drive to Mr. Up's to plug in. Robert Pack has denied their request to start the daily schedule at 11:00 am.

Brian's Lamb Song
submitted bt Betsy Downey

There were sheep on the hill
but I never paid attention
No, I never saw them at all
'til there was ewe...

There were legs, ribs, and chops
that the menu didn't mention
No, I never tasted ragoût
'til there was ewe.

Chorus:
And there were patties
and succulent crown roasts
they tell me
in rare, pink medallions of lamb, au jus...

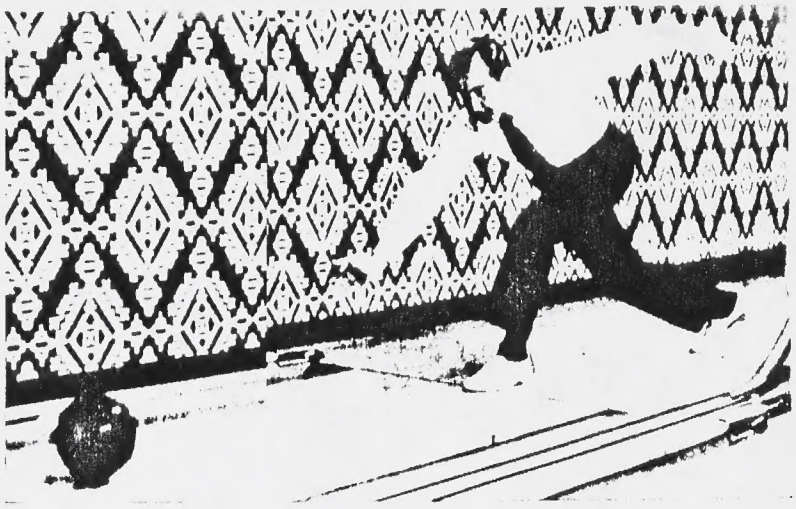
Simmered shanks, Irish stew
and I overlooked the ramparts
(which I will continue to do)
Now there is ewe.

JOHNNY CASH and his wife, June Carter, one of country music's favorite couples

Fort Myers News-Press 2/19/78

After years of being lost under a pile of dust, Walter P. Stanley, III, left, found all the old records of the Bangor Lions Club at the Bangor House. On Jan. 18 he donated them in a presentation to Lions Club President Earl Black.

Bangor Daily News 1.20.78



RICHARD NIXON

Solar system expected to be back in operation

Libertyville (Ill.) Herald 3.15.78

NOTE: Marvin Bell's WORKSHOP on Saturday morning will begin one half-hour early, at 8:30. Visitors are welcome to arrive then or later.

All library books are to be returned by Friday morning.

WEATHER: Fog everywhere. Fog around the pond, where the "other" Vermont poet becomes a mother duck, swims with a pickle winged fish; fog creeping into Moronville ... (cont. Saturday)

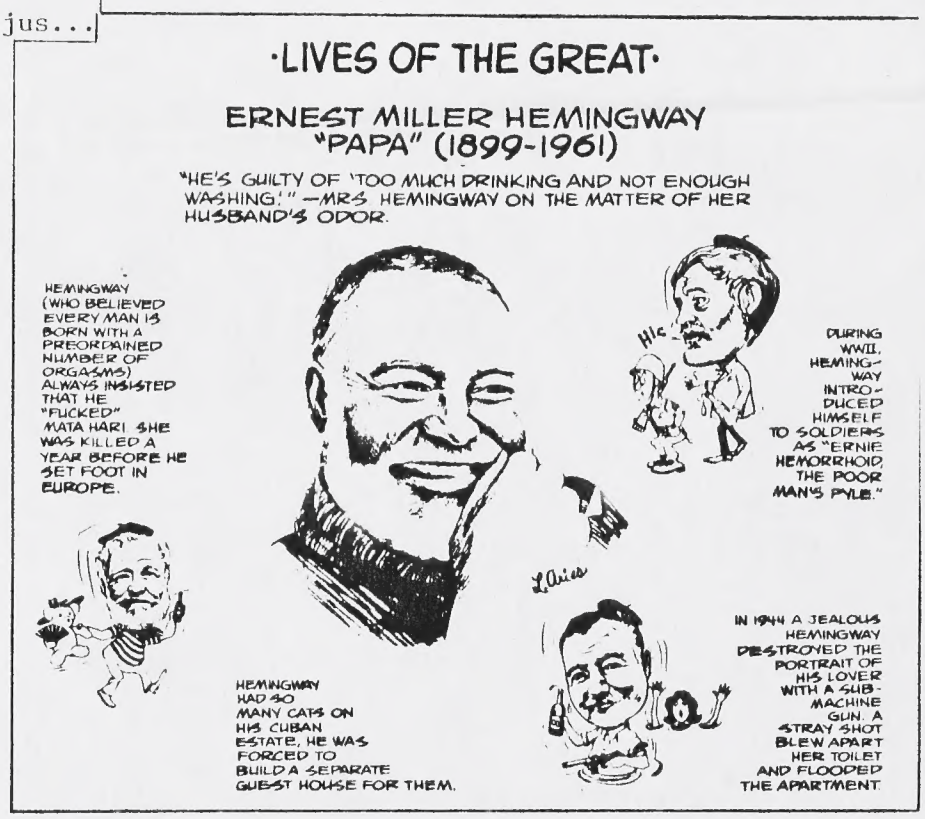
DEPARTURES: for bus or plane. Please check the passenger list at the front desk for departure times of van or taxi. Be ready in front of Inn on the porch 15 MINUTES before schedule. For taxi, cash only!

Banquet: for guests $10.50, payable at the front desk.

DANCE:Coming Saturday Night: Beer and Boogying in the Barn. Breathless and Barbarian. Bene.

Ford, Reagan Neck in Presidential Primary

Ethiopian Herald 2/24/76



the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may know

SATURDAY AUGUST 27, 1983 VOL 58 NO 12

WORKSHOPS

9-10:30

NOTE

MARVIN BELL	BARN 1 (8:30!)
LINDA PASTAN	BARN 2
JOHN IRVING	LITTLE THEATRE

10:40-12:10

JEROME CHARYN	BARN 1
RON POWERS	BARN 2
WILLIAM MATTHEWS	LITTLE THEATRE

READINGS afternoon

4: ROBERT FINCH

SYD LEA

evening

8:15 GALWAY KINNELL

BANQUET

Farewell Banquet

6:45 pm

ROCK & ROLL

Mayhem
Dancing
Flamboyance
Nada
Barn: 9:30

AFTER MAKING LOVE WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS

For I can snore like a bullhorn
or play loud music
or sit up talking with any reasonably sober Irishman
and Fergus will only sink deeper
into his dreamless sleep, which goes by all in one flash,
but let there be that heavy breathing
or a stifled come-cry anywhere in the house
and he will wrench himself awake
and make for it on the run — as now, we lie together,
after making love, quiet, touching along the length of our bodies,
familiar touch of the long-married,
and he appears — in his baseball pajamas, it happens,
the neck opening so small
he has to screw them on, which one day may make him wonder
about the mental capacity of baseball players —
and says, "Are you loving and snuggling? May I join?"
He flops down between us and hugs us and snuggles himself to sleep,
his face gleaming with satisfaction at being this very child.

In the half darkness we look at each other
and smile
and touch arms across his little, startlingly muscled body —
this one whom habit of memory propels to the ground of his making,
sleeper only the mortal sounds can sing awake,
this blessing love gives again into our arms.

BANQUET PRAYER:

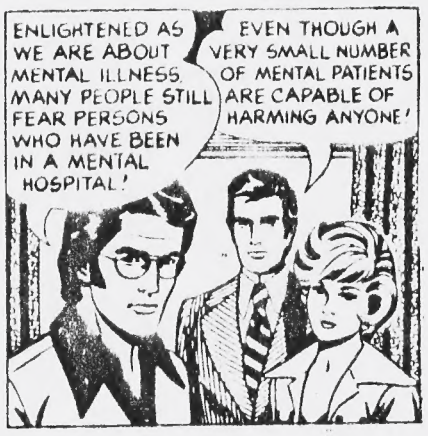
Our publisher, who art in New York, hallowed be thy imprint. Thine advance come, my book be done, just as it is stated in the contract. Give us this day our daily Bread Loaf, and forgive us our agents, as we forgive those who agent against us. Lead us not into remainder bins, and deliver us from reviewers - for thine is the deadline, and the printer, and the royalty, forever and ever, Amen.

Dear Ann Landers:
I have been coming to Bread Loaf for four years now and I have never been able to come up with anything interesting to say to Tim O'Brien. Is there something wrong with me? Can you help?
-Ron Powers

Dear Ronnie:
There is nothing wrong with you. In fact, your problem is a familiar one: Tim never listens to anything anyone says to him. However, here are a few things to try which may get a rise out of that "madcap" writer:
1) "Tim, I hear CBS has a made-for-tv movie, with Lorne Greene as Paul Berlin and they're calling it Ca-Ca-Cachio, Good bye."
2) "Tim is it true that the bulk of your discarded material is available in the new Harlequin Intimate Romance Series?"
3) "Tim, did you hear that Robert Stone's new book is called The Nuclear Age?
4) Challenge him with moral choices: e.g. "your cap or your life..."
5) "Listen O'Brien, I don't have to take this abuse. I can go home and abuse myself."
6) If all else fails, kiss him.
-Ann

President Jimmy Carter and Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev are all smiles as they meet for the first time since they boarded the vessel and discovered bails of marijuana.

The San Juan (P.R.) Star 6/16/79



Less Mishaps Than Expected Mar Holiday

The Missoulian 12/28/76

Remember to sign up for pictures of staff, fellows, scholars, waitroids, admin. staff, etc. $4/print. Sing up in office.

LET THE FRONT OFFICE KNOW YOUR TRAVEL PLANS so we can facilitate your departures. People who require transportation ABSOLUTELY MUST be at the front porch 15 mins ahead of scheduled departure time., wity luggage. We will not wait for stragglers.

If you are leaving today, let the desk know so we'll not order too much Sunday am food.

Please check your rooms for possessions. Take everything home you came with. The post conference rummage sale is usually big. Let's change that!

1st Class mail will be forwarded to you. Magazines, ads, etc will not.

The bulletin for 1984 will be mailed, 3rd class, without an application, in Feb. If you want to apply for next year, you'll have to request an application. and re-apply.

Think about the reunion. Then decide to come. Think about NER/BLQ. Decide to subscribe. Support Literary Magazines. Say thanks to people who've been nice. Be nice. Bee good. Keep in touch. We like to hear from you. We answer our amil. Have a safe trip home. and, yes, we hear there is life after Bread Loaf.

---

15 WORD NOVEL WINNERS:
1st prize: Barbara Carlson
"The Suicide"
Dialing distant loves, she heard years of recorded apologies, and was left hanging.

2nd: Bill McGowan
"We Became Strangers"
The years were stone between us, and I never liked his wife.

3rd: Elly Abelow
"Vanity"
Becky woke up and discovered she had lost 60 pounds. "How do I look?"

BECAUSE MOHAMMED DIDN'T GO TO THE MOUNTAIN, THE MOUNTAIN WENT TO HIM: If you believe in the import of the writing here, consider having you local and/or University library obtain books and magazines you've encountered here. It's a terrific opportunity to do what books were written for: get them into the hands of readers.

WEATHER: Fog in larches; sunshine is lost in the ether. Fog muffling the cry, "Here, Lucky!" Fog on the heights of Tara; fog in the eyes and throats of all... a flawed com= petance of fog.

OVERHEARD:

"You Bob Finch?"
"No but I look like him."

at Treman: "A naked man is hard to ignore."

in the Barn: "I never make my bed unless I'm going to use it for something."

Genetic Engineering Splits Scientists

The Washington Post 11/29/75

the CRUMB '83

Some, at least, of what you may need to know

SUNDAY AUGUST 28, 1983 Vol 58 No 13